

BE ANGRY AT SAN PEDRO

I get drunk.

I say to Linda: "that Jeffers was a great poet. think of using a title like BE ANGRY AT THE SUN. don't you realize what that means?"

"you like that negative stuff," she says.

"positively," I agree, finishing my drink and pouring another.

"in one of his poems, not the sun poem, this woman fucks a stallion because her husband is of such gross spirit. and it's believable. then the husband comes out to kill the stallion and the stallion kills him."

"I never heard of Jeffers," she says.

"well, you ever heard of Big Sur? he caused that just like D.H. Lawrence caused Taos," I tell Linda. "get a great writer writing about where he lives and the mob comes in and takes over."

"you write about San Pedro," she says.

"yeah," I say, "and have you read the papers lately? they are going to construct a marina here, one of the largest in the world, millions and billions of dollars, there is going to be a hotshot shopping center, yachts and condominiums everywhere"

"and to think," says Linda, "we've only lived here three years."

"you still ought to," I say, pouring her a drink, "read Jeffers."